

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Takings; or the Life of a Collegian. A Poem. Illustrated by twenty-six Etchings, from Designs, by R. Dagley, author of Select Gems from the Antique, Compendium of the Theory of Drawing, &c. &c. London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 184.*

This is a very original work, and has contributed much to our amusement, both in its graphic and literary departments. We could make a shrewd guess at the anonymous author of the poem, which would be an exceedingly clever composition, even had it been written by inspiration, *Deo Volente*; and is really an extraordinary production when viewed in the light of a narrative invented, on the spur of the moment, solely to introduce and illustrate a series of pictures, conceived in a different mind. As for the avowed designer of these pictures, Mr. Dagley, his *Antique Gems*, now a scarce book, his *Compendium of Drawing*, a popular one, and his other performances in the *Film Flane*, &c. have been too favourable recommendations to public notice to render it necessary for us to say how sincerely we esteem the man, and how highly we appreciate his talents. Mr. Dagley is indeed one of those examples of modest merit which we sometimes meet, not in the blaze of successful professional pursuits, nor in the prominent ranks of fortune; but when discovered in unassuming privacy, and gradually brought to unfold their qualifications, like gold dug from the dark mine, greatly rewarding the finder, by their sterling value and various worth.

Prefixed to the *Takings*, he has evinced some of the acquirements which have obtained our regard, and which, we trust, will be thought a sufficient ground for the praises we have felt it to be our duty to offer; though a few pages of slight dedication, advertisement, and desultory remarks on caricature, could afford no great scope for display. The remarks are, however, entertaining; and the information on the subject at once pleasingly conveyed, and intrinsically curious. But Mr. Dagley's chief claim to attention will appear in the *Designs*, on which his poetical friend has constructed the story of the Young Collegian's aberrations. These are, as announced, twenty-six in number, and include *Taking leaps*, measures, bets, amusement, courage, a miss, nothing, something, stitches, hints, pledges, likenesses, comfort, physic, pleasure, caudle, &c. &c. They are in a sober style of caricature, a little, very little, out of common life, and full of character, expression, and whim. On running

them over again, we almost think the descriptive part might have been better: but then, we reflect on the difficulties in the detail, and are inclined to share the painter's palm with the poet. There is a chaste humour in some of the more striking sketches, which differs as much from the broad caricature as it does from the beau ideal; it is in *media res*, and forms almost a peculiar style, partaking intimately of the ridiculous and the natural.

The poem is a history of the early life of Tom Takeall, a man of education, a giddy youth, with good abilities, and rather good principles, but thoughtless, extravagant, unfortunate, repentant, and finally, happy. From *Taking Leaps* on horseback when a student, we have him *Taking Advice* from his father, with the too common recklessness of inexperience, which, offended with the form, pays no regard to the value of friendly counsel. Our author does not moralise it so, for he says—

Fathers, "a troublesome and peevish race,"  
(As they are called by every darling boy,) Labour to bring those pleasures to disgrace,  
Themselves no more can possibly enjoy;  
All aged gentlemen who sons have got,  
Would have their sons be—what themselves were not.

And apt in anxious kindness to oblige,  
Suspecting Youth and Nature will resist,  
They deal in soft compulsion, and are found  
Unfortunately clish in the fist.  
One thing they freely give, and in a trice  
Abundance of it too—I mean—*Advice*.

Regardless of this, Tom runs through a rapid career of folly; and from his various contacts with various persons, we shall copy some scenes, to exemplify the work before us. As is usual in modern satire, the tailor's bill is a source of evil; and this is illustrated by the print of *taking measures*.

In ancient times law gave for eye an eye,  
And tooth for tooth. This rule from law courts driven,

To Fashion's haunts has been compell'd to fly,  
Where bill for bill is uniformly given.  
The dealer's bill is given for double pay,  
The purchaser gives his—to run away.

Snip took his measures—Snip his bill had got,—  
I mean Tom's bill, ('twas over due some moons.)

And now appear'd to measure for a coat,  
And inexpressibles—or pantaloons.

"I have you now," said he—"I've made a hit,  
I know you're partial to a good close fit."  
So he departed, and another came.

"His man," thought Tom. He was beyond dispute.

"Your name is Takeall, I presume." "The same."

"I come to you about a little suit."  
Some parchment slips he shew'd which made Tom stare,

For these seem'd broader than the others were.

With indignation he began to foam,

"I hate," he cried, "this round-about delay,  
Your master measured.—Bring the things soon home,

I cannot tarry trifling here all day."

"No, Sir, you can't, Sir,—that is very true.

'Bring the things home?' I come to bring home you.

Here the Collegian's shoulder felt a slap;

The shoulder is a very tender part,

This Tom can testify, for one slight tap,

Went, he declared, directly to his heart.

And now suspecting hope of rescue vain,

He thus began in lamentable strain:

"O day and night! but this is wondrous hard,

Since liberty is life, must life's brief span

Be thus made shorter by a stitcher's yard,

And shall a Tailor triumph over man?

I somehow from these trammels must break loose,

Or ever more be called a Tailor's Goose."

Utter'd aside was this, but he it known,

Not as asides are utter'd at the play,

That is, not bellowed in a louder tone

Than all the rest the actor has to say;

No; in his mouth or throat 'twas gently mumbled:

To speak more plainly,—in his gizzard grumbled.

He contrives to foil the bailiff, and continues his thoughtless course at liberty.

In the midst of a freak he encounters his first pure love, who is sweetly painted.

He saw a face which once had moved his heart,  
A countenance so beautiful—so bland,

So unpolished by the skill of art,  
It seem'd just given from the Creator's hand,

Sent down the homage of the world to claim,  
And represent the heaven from which it came.

Her arching eye-brows owned no pencil's aid,  
Her face no delicately soften'd streak,

Save that which He who the first roses made,  
And tinted, had conducted to her cheek.

O, how unlike the huck by follies spread,  
Where ghastly white relieves the staring red!

Not yet matured the charms which were her own,

Yet ne'er to be surpass'd in life's full flood.

Magnificent, I grant, the flower when blown,  
But exquisitely beautiful the bud!

I love the blossom! and, with sorrow made,  
Behold it fade, though fading into fruit.

Such was Eliza; now her seventeenth year  
Scarcely completed.

Even such an object has not power to reclaim him; and he goes through the zodiac of fashionable levities and crimes. Among others, he *Takes a Miss*, i. e. elopes with a boarding-school girl, whose brother challenges him, and they *take aim*.

One evil many sober ages tell,  
Is ever closely followed by another,

And so on this occasion it fell:  
A challenge came next day from Charlotte's brother;

To whom the fugitive her sorrows carried,

At last grown desperate through not being married.

What could be done?—Why nothing that I know of,

But see his pistols were prepared for action;  
So as to make it certain they would go off,  
To give his adversary satisfaction.

They met then, as the latter had desired,  
Took aim, (pretending they did not,) and fired.

Both miss'd. 'Tis very common in such cases  
For seconds civilly to interfere,

And set 'gainst new hostilities their faces,  
Declaring after what has passed 'tis clear,

Though right before could but to one belong,  
That neither now can possibly be wrong.

But here 'twas different—neither was content,  
And so they stood up for another round,

And now the bullet Charlotte's brother sent  
The shoulder of the college hero found.

It lodged indeed so very near his breast,  
All sublimity cares it put at rest.

Flat as a flounder down upon the ground,  
His length Tom measur'd without more ado;

His foe came up—regretted that he found  
Accomplished that which he had tried to do;

Hoped an improvement soon in his condition,  
Then fled with all convenient expedition.

He is casually carried to the house of  
Eliza's mother, and cured; but the ladies  
disappear, and he comes again upon the  
town. Reduced to want, he is driven to fatal  
purposes; he even ponders on turning  
highwayman, and by thus painting other  
professions, almost reconciles himself to  
robbery.

"Shall I to business turn? Some trades require  
But little capital to make a start;

A merchant's name as promptly as a 'squire,  
By those who were acquainted with the art,

In this way I might cheat of law the rigour,  
And manage once again to cut a figure.

"Suppose I deal in coals, and put my name  
Against some door, on staring plate of brass,

That were sufficient stock in trade; but shame  
Forbids me stones, dirt, slates, for coals to  
pass,

And scanty measure seems to my mind's eye,  
Though safe, a cowardly sort of robbery.

"Shall I become wine-merchant?—Ten times  
worse!

And more from honesty I needs must aver,  
Than he who merely takes another's purse,

In selling poison where I port should serve;  
Yet spinning money in this manner made,  
I should be thought a scandal to the trade.

"The Baker's calling is for profit good;  
But will not do.—Shall I the hungry bank,

And sell, as others do, I've understood,  
A compound of potatoes, alum, chalk?

Better at once blow out the victim's brains,  
Than kill by slow disease and lingering pains.

"Well, in the Funds supposing I turn Jobber,  
Get up false news, and purchase—where's the  
sin?

Why, after all, this is but turning robber.  
To join in such a scheme for taking in,

'Tis braver—nobler to expose one's neck,  
Than basely thus to cheat without a check.

"At last I have it.—I'll turn Auctioneer;  
In sale-room pulpit who could look more  
knowing,

Who with a voice more audible and clear,  
Bawl 'Last time'—yours—'against you'—  
going, going.

I could hold forth without assailing grammar,  
Nod—wink, and use with any one the hammer.

"No; I abandon every thought of trying,  
Despised an auctioneer must be, I wot,  
Unless attain'd the polished art of lying

A little faster than a horse can trot,  
And skill to swindle each incautious snip,

By swearing shilling's worths are worth a  
guinea.

"All these are too nefarious for me,  
And no one offers me that sort of station,

In which my relatives expect to see  
One who has had a College education.

Their fondly-cherish'd visions not to mar,  
I'll think of ethics, physic, and the bar.

"I'll be an advocate, and pocket fees.  
Yet I should blush, methinks, to hold a brief,

Calmly engaging on account of these.  
'To hang an honest man or save a thief.'

I, feeling thus, it cannot well be doubted,  
By all the leading members must be scouted.

"Let me physician be.—But stop a bit—  
Baulk'd at the outset!—Who would not dis-  
parage,

Prescriptions although excellently fit,  
Unless obtain'd from one who keeps a car-  
riage?

One I must get, before I can approach  
To tax a dying patient for my coach.

"Apothecary, then, and one-horse gig,  
I'll be and have.—But can I swell the ills

Of fellow-creatures, caring not a fig,  
With nauseous potions and with useless pills,

As they in self-defence do every day,  
To fools who will not for attendance pay?

"Throw physic to the dogs, I will have none,  
Better my whole soul to the Church be giving;

The duty there more easily is done,  
And I may get a comfortable living.

Let me take orders, and no more perplex'd;  
Ascend the pulpit and give out my text.

"But then to stand before my fellow-men,  
The sacred, solemn gospel truths to teach,

While doing as I do, and should do then,  
The opposite of what I needs must preach:

This, though by many sanction'd, I detest;  
As more iniquitous than all the rest.

"Since then, of evils I the least should chuse,  
My first appearing the most honest plan,

'Tis useless longer on such themes to muse,  
And so I must become a highwayman.

This really appears my sole resource,  
'Tis better than a more atrocious course."

By taking hints, that is, observing two car-  
casses on a gibbet, he is timeously diverted

from this intent, visits Margate, turns por-  
trait-painter, author, &c. in the latter of

which lines he receives a sad rebuff from the  
lessee of Drury Lane, (whose printed letter

to rejected dramatists is happily harlequined)

and writes a whimsical address to the alphabet.

In his lowest fortunes he is nevertheless  
still buoyant in spirit, and we have the fol-  
lowing pretty apostrophe to Hope.

Sweet Hope!—though oft absurdly vilified.—  
O condescend through life my veins to thrill!

Though far-remote, the joys with thee described,  
Still gaily dazzle and console me still:

And when one prospect fades that I pursued,  
Suggest some other object to delude.

'Twas Hope suggested Takeall might succeed,  
Like certain jinglers who were all the rage;

Charm all who read, and make all hearers read,  
And shine the noblest poet of the age.

Pleased with the thought delectable as vain,  
The gay enthusiast soon forgot his pain.

But his visions are unreal: his course evi-

dently pointing to a goal, he is at last in the  
Fleet. Here sorrow and contention overtake  
him. He resigns himself to a death of star-  
vation, and even resists many insidious  
offers, made to try him by his father and  
mistress. The result, as may be anticipated,  
is the re-establishment of his moral charac-  
ter, his release, and union with Eliza. Nor  
are the artist and author contented to stop  
here. They outgo the honeymoon, and  
treat us with caudle; and as this design  
may serve as a pictorial extract from the  
volume, we have procured a wood cut to be  
made of it to add to our literary selections  
confessing that it wants something of the  
character of its original.

After this it is hard to try back; but with-  
out enumerating the good hits we had mark-  
ed off, in justice to the writer, and without  
schooling him for the too evident signs of  
haste which his poem exhibits; we cannot  
resist our wish to cite two other examples,  
of his performance. The first is entitled

#### *Reflections on a Sheet of Paper.*

Could you but tell where you have been,  
My paper, much it would delight;

Could you describe what you have seen,  
I would attend to you all night.

A vigorous plant you once do doubt,  
Enjoyed of Heaven the ample view;

Pushed by each boisterous gale about;  
Played with by every breeze that blew.

You fell, and then in lurch-piece,  
(You might narrate, had you a tongue,

A trader's riches to increase,)  
Bleached on the field where first you sprung.

Fain would I learn what next your state.  
Into what service did you press?

'Twas possibly your happy fate,  
To form a part of Chloe's dress.

Perhaps, you as her robe of night,  
Dwelt in her chamber,—ne'er went thence;

And of a mistress kind as bright,  
Alone enjoyed the confidences!

Or, as a sheet on Chloe's bed,  
You may have heretofore reposed;

And O, how much it would be read,  
If all you knew could be disclosed.

Could you but tell where you have been,  
My paper much it would delight!

Could you describe what you have seen,  
I would attend to you all night.

But yet instead of being near  
The warm soft bosom of a flirt;

Perchance you were ere you came here,  
A patch upon a beggar's shirt.

For grown old, sad varieties  
You may have proved! perhaps now worn

A bandage o'er a blind man's eyes,  
Or now for fastened finger torn.

But deeper, more tremendous gloom  
Might threaten you, more awful shocks,

Doomed to the fire, a martyr's doom,  
Intended for the tinder-box.

How interesting your romance,  
If told what then your hopes and fears,

'Till saved from flame by some kind chance,  
At last the rag-bag dried your tears.

Great then your rapture, but you found  
A fate, you had not learned to dread,

Sold to some dealer by the pound,  
And torn for paper thread from thread.

But passed the fearful trial now,  
Consoled for all your former sighs,



You smile again with cloudless brow,  
Relieved from past impurities.  
And now in spotless white arrayed,  
You with vile dirt so lately stained,  
Might fancy—a new creature made,  
That you a better world had gained.  
And when that thought at rest was set,  
Indulging visions gay as vain;  
You, as a note, might hope to get,  
To Chloe's bosom once again.  
Or, if ambition can pursue,  
You might expect a statesman's pen,  
Would manage to arrange with you  
The weightiest affairs of men.  
But, ah! repress the bold desire,  
Nor hope a messenger of bliss,  
To speak the lover's generous fire,  
To gain from love the fervent kiss.  
Nor as the minister's dispatch  
To bid relentless slaughter cease;  
While eager crowds each sentence catch,  
And hail the glad return of Peace.  
A scurril song may mar your face,  
A lottery puff your pages reach,  
Praise of their poison quacks may trace,  
Or you may bear a dying speech.  
And other ills you may deplore,  
Worse than the foulest blots of ink,  
Of which you never dreamt before,  
Of which I hardly dare to think.  
You may be doomed to wrap up snuff,  
Or piece-meal torn for turning hair;  
And forced, as this were not enough,  
The barber's curling-tongs to bear.  
You may announce a cobbler's stall  
To let,—the broken casement stop;

Or, to your fortune it may fall  
To pass to trunk or butter-shop.  
The woes that threaten are so great,  
I cannot half of them divine;  
So and, so doubtful is your fate,  
'Tis as deplorable as mine.  
Both fearful changes and distress  
Have known, but what 'twas yours to see,  
I know no more than you can guess,  
What I am likely now to be.  
Could you but tell where you have been,  
My paper much it would delight;  
Could you describe what you have seen,  
I could attend to you all night.  
The last is on the picture of *Taking Thought*, which represents the hard in a brown study: it is replete with fancy, but we can only find room for a part of it.  
A something near his brain while Fate accusing,  
In meditation thus absorbed he sat,  
Seemed fluttering, so he started from his musing,  
And very naturally called, "What's that?"  
A stranger there was on a visit caught;  
It was, at least he thought it was—a *Thought*.  
"And what's your business in my story upper?"  
Moved by strong curiosity, he said,  
"Are you the offspring of my last night's supper?"  
Or any thing on which I lately fed?  
Did wine admission to my head bestow,  
Or did you there a vegetable grow?"  
*Thought* answered, "Truly you're a pretty fellow!"  
Your ignorance almost exceeds belief;  
Think you I'm bred where toppers idly bellow,

Or that my sire is mutton, or is beef;  
For such a compliment I'm bound to thank,  
You might, methinks, at least have known my rank.  
"But, Sir, 'tis not the dinners you have swallowed,  
Nor yet the suppers in which you indulge;  
Nor all the dissipation you have followed,  
That can the origin of *Thought* divulge.  
And think me not so very humbly bred,  
As to be called a native of your head.  
"Know, Sir, that I, when Eve and sober Adam  
First formed their house, (or garden,) keeping plan,  
Was sent from Heaven to Paradise to glad 'em.  
The first grand present to the new-made man,  
I might in part contribute to enthrall,  
But 'twas not I alone that caused his fall.  
"With me some hundred other *Thoughts* were sent,  
Some gay, some sad, some cruel, and some kind:  
Such sets within a human forehead pent,  
Are in a bundle tied, to form a mind.  
These, when their wearers die obtain release,  
Like soldiers paid off at a general peace.  
"Then reckless vagabonds about me stroll,  
Now here, now there, by chance or fortune led,  
Till circumstances we may not control,  
Afford the shelter of another head:  
Which thinking us its slaves is quite at ease,  
While we like tyrants rule it as we please.  
This imagination is pursued, perhaps too far,  
through many stanzas; but like the rest of the work, it is playful and ingenious,  
and we commend all together to the Public.



*Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt.* By George Tomline. Lord Bishop of Winchester, &c. London, 1821. 2 vols. 4to.

This valuable work has at last made its appearance; and, as far as it goes, in every way justifies the high expectations which were naturally formed respecting it. A more important subject for biography never existed; so competent a person to handle that subject was no where to be found as in the present author. He who, under Providence, wielded the destinies of this great country, during a large portion of the most eventful era in the history of mankind, required a historian of commensurate dignity—an individual whose exalted station gave a pledge for his sincerity; who had himself a high character to sustain; whose intimacy supplied him with the facts, and whose integrity was above question in recording them;—such a man was wanted as the biographer of William Pitt, and such a man has been found in the Lord Bishop of Winchester.

The result is a book of the foremost standard in every respect. Candid, impartial, just; free from all acrimony; an honest, plain narration; displaying no more than a proper love of the object it illustrates; not made untidily piquant, but grave, sedate, and worthy of the momentous events which fill its pages;—for the Memoirs of Pitt are the History of England: in that minister's mind lay the fate of millions of his species: on the beam of his determinations hung the mighty scales, in which were poised the liberties or slavery of civilized Europe. (perhaps) for ages.

A publication of the magnitude of that before us, and so replete with interesting matter, would exhaust three or four of the largest of our periodical reviews to do it even common justice; and it can hardly be expected from our weekly sheet, to do more than advertise the public of it, and show in the briefest way of what it consists. We shall endeavour to perform this office within three of our Numbers; which may gratify our readers to a certain extent, while the book, as it must, is finding its way into every respectable library in the kingdom.

These Memoirs deduce the public life of Mr. Pitt down to 1793; and another volume is promised to complete the work, and present us with, what must be most delightful, the private life of that illustrious person.

William Pitt was born at Hayes, in Kent, on the 9th of May, 1759. He grew up a delicate boy; but, in spite of the obstacles which ill-health interposed to study, his early attainments in learning were of almost miraculous superiority. At the desire of his celebrated father, Thucydides was the first Greek author put into his hands; and when at college, he particularly read Polybius with his tutor (now his biographer, then Dr. Tomline), and devoted himself, with extraordinary ardour, to a well-directed course of classical study. Of his habits at this period of his life, the following is a pleasing account.

"Towards the latter end of the year 1776, Mr. Pitt began to mix with other young men of his own age and station of life, then resident at Cambridge; and no one was ever more admired and beloved by his acquaintance and friends. He was always the most lively person in company, abounding in playful wit and quick repartee; but never known to excite pain, or to give just ground of offence. Even those, who, from difference in political sentiments, or from any other cause, were not disposed to do him more than justice, could not but allow, that as a companion he was unrivalled. Though his society was universally sought, and from the age of seventeen or eighteen he constantly passed his evenings in company, he steadily avoided every species of irregularity; and he continued to pursue his studies with ardent zeal and unremitting diligence, during his whole residence in the university, which was protracted to the unusual length of nearly seven years, but with considerable intervals of absence. In the course of this time, I never knew him spend an idle day; nor did he ever fail to attend me at the appointed hour. At this early period there was the same firmness of principle, and rectitude of conduct, which marked his character in the more advanced stages of life."

Mr. Pitt was called to the bar in June, 1780, and went the western circuit. He distinguished himself as much as the opportunities of a junior counsel admitted; but the correspondence of the great Lord Chatham previous to this, namely in 1773, when his son went to Cambridge, furnish such interesting extracts, that we must interrupt our relation to give place to one or two of the letters, the first of which was written as above mentioned.

"Burton Pynsent, October 9th, 1773.—Thursday's post brought us no letter from the dear traveller: we trust this day will prove more satisfactory; it is the happy day that gave us your brother, and will not be less in favour with all here, if it should give us, about four o'clock, an epistle from my dear William! By that hour, I reckon, we shall be warm in our cups, and shall not fail to pour forth, with renewed joy, grateful libations over the much wished tidings of your prosperous progress towards your destination. We compute, that yesterday brought you to the venerable aspect of alma mater; and that you are invested to-day with the toga virilis. Your race of manly virtue, and useful knowledge is now begun, and may the favor of heaven smile upon the noble career!"

"Little — was really disappointed at not being in time to see you—a good mark for my young vivid friend. He is just as much compounded of the elements of air and fire as he was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come, and make him perfect. How happy, my loved boy, is it, that your mamma and I can tell ourselves, there is at Cambridge one, without a beard, and all the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up, and say, 'This is a man.' I now take leave for to-day, not meaning this for what James calls a regular letter, but a flying thought, that wings itself

towards my absent William. Horses are ready, and all is birth-day.

"Bradshaw has shone, this auspicious morning, in a very fine speech of congratulation; but I foresee, 'his sun sets weeping in the lowly west,' that is, a fatal bowl of punch will, before night, quench this luminary of oratory. Adieu, again and again, sweet boy; and if you acquire health and strength every time I wish them to you, you will be a second Sampson, and, what is more, will, I am sure, keep your hair.

"Every good wish attends your kind fellow-traveller and *chum*; nor will he be forgot in our flowing bowls to-day."

To this interesting letter, lady Chatham added the following postscript:

"If more could be said expressive of feelings, my dearest dear boy, I would add a letter to this epistle, but as it is composed, I will only sign to its expressive contents,

"Your fond and loving mother,

"HESTER CHATHAM."

The subjoined is charmingly playful, from such a pen.

"Hayes, Sept. 2, 1774.—I write, my dearest William, the post just going out, only to thank you for your most welcome letter, and for the affectionate anxiety you express for my situation, left behind in the hospital, when our flying camp moved to Stowe. Gout has for the present subsided, and seems to intend deferring his favors till winter, if autumn will do its duty, and bless us with a course of steady weather; those days, which Madame de Sevigné so beautifully paints, *des jours filés d'or et de soie*.

"I have the pleasure to tell you, your mother and sisters returned perfectly well from Bucks, warm in praises of magnificent and princely Stowe; and full of due sentiments of the agreeable and kind reception they found there. No less than two dances, in the short time they passed there. One escape from a wasp's nest, which proved only an adventure to talk of, by the incomparable skill and presence of mind of Mr. Cotton, driving our girls in his carriage with four very fine horses, and no postilion. They fell into an ambuscade of wasps more fierce than *Pandours*, who beset these coursers of spirit not inferior to *Xanthus* and *Pedarges*; and stung them to madness; when disdaining the master's hand, he turned them short into a hedge, threw some of them, as he meant to do; and leaping down, seized the bridles of the leaders, which afforded time for your sisters to get out safe and sound, their honour, in point of courage, intact, as well as their bones; for they are celebrated not a little on their composure in this alarming situation. I rejoice that your time passes to your mind, in the 'evacuated seat of the Muses. However, knowing that those heavenly ladies (unlike the London fair) delight most, and spread their choicest charms and treasures in sweet retired solitude, I do not wonder that their true votary is happy to be alone with them. Mr. Pretymann will by no means spoil company, and I wish you joy of his return. How many commons have you lost of late? Whose fences have you broken; and in what lord of the manor's



pound have any *strays of science* been found, since the famous adventure of catching the horses with such admirable address and alacrity? I beg my affectionate compliments to Mr. Wilson, and hope you will both beware of an inclosed country for the future. Little James is still with us, doing penance for the *high living* so well described to you in Mrs. Pam's excellent epistle. All loves follow my sweetest boy in more abundance than I have time or ability to express.

"I desire my best compliments to the kind and obliging master, who loves Cicero and you."

The author continues,—

"My readers will be sorry to learn, that the following is the last letter of Lord Chatham, which I am able to submit to their perusal; it was written only seven or eight months before his death.

"Hayes, Sept. 22, 1777.—How can I employ my reviving pen so well as by addressing a few lines to the *hope and comfort* of my life, my dear William? You will have pleasure to see, under my own hand, that I mend every day, and that I am all but well. I have been this morning to Camden-place, and sustained, most manfully, a visit, and all the idle talk thereof, for above an hour by Mr. Norman's clock; and returned home, untired, to dinner, where I eat like a farmer. Lord Mahon has confounded, not convinced, the incorrigible *soi-disant* Dr. Wilson. Dr. Franklin's lightning, rebel as he is, stands proved the more innocent; and Wilson's nobis must yield to the pointed conductors. On Friday, Lord Mahon's indefatigable spirit is to exhibit another incendum, to Lord mayor, foreign ministers, and all lovers of philosophy and the good of society; and means to illuminate the horizon with a little bonfire of twelve hundred faggots and a double edifice. Had our dear friend been born sooner, Nero and the second Charles could never have amused themselves by reducing to ashes the two noblest cities in the world. My hand begins to demand repose; so, with my best compliments to Aristotle, Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, not forgetting the civilians, and law of nations tribe, adieu, my dearest William.

"Your most affectionate father,

"CHATHAM."

In 1781 Mr. Pitt was elected a member of parliament for Appleby, on the influence of Lord Lowther. In his first session, he spoke thrice, and produced the strongest impression upon the house, while he gave promise of his future eminence as a statesman and orator.

"After the close, (says the bishop, in a note on page 31), of the session in which Mr. Pitt made those three speeches, a friend of Mr. Fox told me, that upon his saying to Mr. Fox, 'Mr. Pitt, I think, promises to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the house of commons,' Mr. Fox instantly replied: 'He is so already.' From this and other testimonies, it appears that Mr. Fox was very early impressed with a high idea of Mr. Pitt's talents. It ought to be mentioned to the mutual credit of these two great men, that in future life, when they were the leaders of

two opposite parties, and the supporters of different systems of politics, they always in private spoke of each other's abilities with the highest respect: Mr. Fox, at a late period of Mr. Pitt's first administration, said, that 'he had been narrowly watching Mr. Pitt for many years, and could never catch him tripping once,' and in conversation with me, I always noticed, that Mr. Pitt considered Mr. Fox as far superior to any other of his opponents, as a debater in the house of commons."

It is further added,—

"Since I wrote the above, I have been favored with the following communication from a gentleman, who was many years a member of the house of commons, and now holds an honorable station in the court of chancery: he was very intimate with Mr. Pitt on the western circuit, and afterwards, till they were separated in 1792 by a difference of political opinions. 'Among lively men of his own time of life, Mr. Pitt was always the most lively and convivial in the many hours of leisure which occur to young unoccupied men on a circuit; and joined all the little excursions to Southampton, Weymouth, and such parties of amusement as were habitually formed. He was extremely popular. His name and reputation of high acquirements at the university, commanded the attention of his seniors. His wit, his good humour, and joyous manners, endeared him to the younger part of the bar. In some bribery causes from Cricklade, he was retained as junior counsel; but even in that subordinate character, he had an opportunity of arguing a point of evidence with extraordinary ability. I remember also, in an action of crim. con. at Exeter, as junior counsel, he manifested such talents in cross-examination, that it was the universal opinion of the bar that he should have led the cause. During his short stay in the profession, he never had occasion to address a jury; but upon a motion in the court of king's bench, for an habeas corpus to bring up a man to be bailed, who was charged with murder, Mr. Pitt made a speech which excited the admiration of the bar, and drew down very complimentary approbation from Lord Mansfield. When he first made his brilliant display in parliament, those at the bar who had seen little of him, expressed surprise; but a few who had heard him once speak in a sort of mock debate at the Crown and Anchor tavern, when a club, called the Western Circuit Club, was dissolved, agreed, that he had then displayed all the various species of eloquence for which he was afterwards celebrated. Before he distinguished himself in the house of commons, he certainly looked seriously to the law as a profession. The late Mr. Justice Rooke told me, that Mr. Pitt dangled seven days with a junior brief and a single guinea fee, waiting till a cause of no sort of importance should come on in the court of common pleas. At Mr. Pitt's instance, an annual dinner took place for some years at Richmond Hill; the party consisting of Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, Mr. Bond, Mr. Leicester, Mr. Jekyll, and others; and I will remember a dinner

with Mr. Pitt and several of his private friends, at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, in celebration of Shakespeare's Falstaff. We were all in high spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakespeare the whole day; and it appeared that Mr. Pitt was as well and familiarly read in the poet's works as the best Shakespearians present. But to speak of his conviviality is needless. After he was minister, he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners were unaltered."

(To be continued.)

#### THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

By Lord Byron.

At the end of the volume containing the tragedy of Marino Faliero, is a poem by the same noble author, entitled *The Prophecy of Dante*. Its objects and opinions are rather Italian than British; and consequently it fails to excite that interest in our breasts, which its fine poetry might have done; had it been addressed to a subject more allied to our feelings. The petty State of Florence has few claims on our sympathies, either retrospectively or prospectively; and all the while we are reading these effusions, so natural and patriotic in the mouth of a Dante, (though he had sublimity rather than pathos) we cannot help entertaining the damping impression, that they are but the assumptions of a Byron, who so far from cherishing such love of country, makes a parade and boast of the opposite sentiments. Ovid's *Tristia* would comparatively little affect us, if we knew that Petrarch, a man of another people, another age, and another language, was the writer; and the sufferings, the longings, and the denunciations of the greater Italian, lose much of their efficacy by being so visibly a fiction dressed up by a genius of another character. This is not the case with themes purely imaginary. Here the poet obtains possession of our minds, and we enter into all the emotions and passions of the unreal beings whom he creates. The wand of the enchanter is omnipotent—but it must not mingle contraries, nor allot to shadows, tasks which can only be performed by substances. Neither does the argument hold with regard to generalities; nothing can be more exquisitely pathetic than the lamentations of the Children of Israel, who sat and wept by Babel's stream while the thoughts of Zion filled their hearts with grief; but suppose any well-known individual of the Hebrews, and pour forth his presumed sorrows from the pen of some celebrated Greek bard, and even at this distance of time, the effect would be lessened, if not destroyed.

Having offered these brief preliminary observations on the foundation and genius of the poem, it behoves us to say, that it is in itself of an exceedingly high order. More involved in construction than the noble Lord's poetry usually is, and perhaps less striking in its imagery than his more celebrated compositions, it is yet pregnant with beauties, and full of dignity. The prophecy of Dante is stated in the preface and dedication, to have been suggested by a lady, on a

visit in 1819 to Ravenna, where the tomb of the Florentine Exile still forms an object of principal attraction. It is written in the *Terza rima* of Dante, *i. e.* in verses in which every three alternate lines, after the initiatory two, conclude with the same rhyme; and his Lordship mentions, that with the exception of Hayley, this measure has hardly been attempted in the English language. From the present specimen we are inclined to doubt its eligibility; for certainly, in the midst of noble thoughts and harmonious versification, the sentences are often prolix and wearisome—the sense complicated and obscure. The poem is in four Cantos; and if these are “understood” (says his Lordship, feeling, we have no doubt, the very obstacle we have just particularized) “and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem in various other Cantos, to its natural conclusion in the present age.” We think his pen may be better employed; but if he will wear his subject out to its natural conclusion, he will at least enjoy one advantage over prophets in general, and especially over political and party prophets, namely that of prophesying *after* the events are accomplished, which will save him from all risks of failure, unless he chuses to distort facts. But we shall leave discussing his Lordship's place among the irritable genus *Vatum*, and proceed to his vaticinations.

The first Canto begins with an assertion of the poet's return to Man's frail world, from his immortal vision in “God's own skies,” where he sees with the blessed angels, his beloved Beatrice, and thus delightfully apostrophizes her.

Oh Beatrice! whose sweet limbs the sod  
So long hath prest, and the cold marble stone,  
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,  
Love so ineffable, and so alone,  
That nought on earth could more my bosom

move,  
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet  
That without which my soul, like the arkless

dove,  
Hail wander'd still in search of, nor her feet  
Relieved her wing till found; without thy light  
My Paradise had still been incomplete.

Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight  
Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,  
Loved ere I knew the name of love, and bright  
Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought  
With the world's war, and years, and banishment,  
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught.

From this touching address, he lapses into the theme of his wrongs from Florence, of his love for his native land, and of his tender resentment. We think the following very beautiful—

Ah! how bitter is his country's curse  
To him who for that country would expire,  
But did not merit to expire by her,  
And loves her, loves her even in her ire.  
The day may come when she will cease to err,  
The day may come she would be proud to

have  
The dust she deems to scatter, and transfer  
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.  
But this shall not be granted; let my dust  
Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which

gave

Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust  
Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume  
My indignant bones, because her angry gust  
Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom;  
No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,  
And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.  
In the same fine spirit, working himself  
up even to the idea of *revenge*, the mere  
word seems to affright his patriot soul, and  
he exclaims—

Revenge—Revenge,  
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking  
glows  
With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst of change,  
When we shall mount again, and they that

trod  
Be trampled on, while Death and Atë range  
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks—Great  
God!

Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I  
yield

My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod  
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield!  
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,  
In turbulent cities, and the tented field—  
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain  
For Florence.—I appeal from her to Thee!

Recoiling on himself, he goes on in the  
same exquisite strain.

I am not of this people, nor this age,  
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale,  
Which shall preserve these times, when not a  
page

Of their perturbed annals, could attract  
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,  
Did not my verse embalm full many an act  
Worthless as they who wrought it: 'tis the

doom  
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd  
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume  
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;  
Then future thousands crowd around their

tomb,  
And pilgrims come from climes where they have  
known

The name of him—who now is but a name,  
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,  
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame;  
And mine at least has cost me dear: to die  
is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame  
My mind down from its own infinity—

To live in narrow ways with little men,  
A common sight to every common eye,  
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,  
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all

things  
That make communion sweet, and soften  
pain—

To feel me in the solitude of kings  
Without the power that makes them bear a  
crown—

To envy every dove his nest and wings  
Which waft him where the Appennine looks down  
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,  
Within my all inexorable town,

Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,  
Their mother, the cold partner who hath  
brought

Destruction for a dowry—this to see  
And feel, and know without repair, hath taught  
A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:  
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,  
They made an Exile—not a slave of me.

These extracts from only the first Canto  
of 178 lines, will show that we are by no  
means extravagant in our praise, when we  
rank the Prophecy of Dante among the most

perfect and most poetical of Lord Byron's  
productions. Its elevated parts are not in-  
ferior to any thing he has published, and it is  
infinitely less deteriorated by blemishes than  
any of his poems of equal length. We are,  
by our limits, compelled to pass over many  
excellencies;—as, for example, a glorious  
description of Italy, beginning—

Thou Italy! whose ever golden fields  
Plough'd by the sun-beams solely, would suffice  
For the world's granary—

but we must not deny our readers and our-  
selves the pleasure of an Apostrophe to  
Rome.

Oh! Rome, the spoiler of the spoil of France,  
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never  
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance  
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.  
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,  
Crush them, ye rocks! floods, overwhelm them,  
and for ever!

Why sleep the idle avalanches so,  
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?  
Why doth Eridanus but overflow

The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?  
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?  
Over Cambyzes' host the desert spread  
Her sandy ocean, and the sea waves' sway  
Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why  
Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?  
And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,  
Sons of the conquerors who overthrew  
Those who overthrew proud Xerxes, where yet

lie  
The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,  
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylae?  
Their passes more alluring to the view  
Of an invader? is it they, or ye,  
That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,  
And leave the march in peace, the passage  
free?

Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car  
And makes your land impregnable, if earth  
Could be so; but alone she will not war,  
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth  
In a soil where the mothers bring forth men:  
Not so with those whose souls are little worth;  
For them no fortress can avail,—the den  
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting  
Is more secure than walls of adamant, when  
The hearts of those within are quivering.

The fourth Canto also commences in a  
striking manner, and a common thought is  
charmingly amplified.

Many are poets who have never penn'd  
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:  
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not  
lend

Their thoughts to meaner beings; they com-  
press'd

The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars  
Unsurell'd upon earth, but far more blest  
Than those who are degraded by the jars  
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,  
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.  
Many are poets but without the name,  
For what is poetry but to create  
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim  
At an external life beyond our fate,  
And be the new Prometheus of new men,  
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too  
late,

Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,  
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,  
Who, having lavished his high gift in vain,  
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?  
So be it: we can bear.—But thus all they,



Whose intellect is an o'er-mastering power  
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay  
Or it lightens it to spirit, whatso'er  
The form which their creations may essay,  
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear  
More poetry upon its speaking brow  
Than aught less than the Homeric page may  
bear:

One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,  
Or deify the canvas till it shine  
With beauty so surpassing all below,  
That they who kneel to idols so divine  
Break no commandment, for heaven is  
there

Transfused, transfigured: and the line  
Of poetry, which peoples but the air  
With thought and beings of our thought re-  
flected,

Can do no more: then let the artist share  
The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected  
Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas!  
Despair and Genius are too oft connected.

A powerful but radical eulogy on Poetry  
and the Fine Arts, fills the remainder of this  
Canto. Byron, like Milton, seems to indulge  
in a rooted antipathy to monarchs. "One of  
their depreciators" has said, "Kings are but  
men;" his Lordship paints them as monsters.  
We quote only one short passage more, from  
the conclusion.

Florence! when this lone spirit, which so  
long

Yearn'd, as the captive tolling at escape,  
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,

An exile, saddest of all prisoners,  
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,

Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,  
Which shut him from the sole small spot of  
earth

Where—whatso'er his fate—he still were  
here,

His country's, and might die where he had birth,  
"Florence! when this lone spirit shall return

To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,  
And seek to honour with an empty urn

The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain.  
Tis done:

I may not overleap the eternal bar  
Built up between us, and will die alone.

Beholding, with the dark eye of a seer,  
The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,

Foretelling them to those who will not hear,  
As in the old time, till the hour be come

When Truth shall strike their eyes through  
many a tear,

And make them own the Prophet in his tomb.  
We admire the whole poem so much that

we cannot bring ourselves to point out its  
minute defects. We would warn the author

against his partiality for that silly word  
*conduct* (343), and against such exaggerated

epithets as "clotted air." The following  
fing at Laureates, is all we shall instance of  
the weaker flights of his muse.

His spirit; thus the Bard too near the throne  
Quails from his inspiration, hound to please,—  
How servile is the task to please alone!

To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's case  
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong  
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,

Or force, or forge fit argument of song!  
Thus trammell'd, thus condemned to Flat-  
tery's trebles,

He toils through all, still trembling to be  
wrong:

For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly  
rebels,

Should rise up in high treason to his brain,  
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pobbles  
in his mouth, lest truth should stammer through  
his strain.

But out of the long file of sonneteers  
There shall be some who will not sing in  
vain.

This is mere doggrel; and we are surprised  
to meet it in an otherwise enchanting com-  
position.

*A Journal of a Voyage of Discovery in  
his Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper;  
in the years 1819, 1820.* By Alexan-  
der Fisher, Surgeon, R. N. London,  
1821. 8vo. pp. 320.

Hope deferred, says the wisest of men,  
maketh the heart sick; and we have been  
kept so long on the look-out for Capt.  
Parry's narrative of this voyage, that it is  
quite comfortable to have our eyes gratified  
with the sight of a similar work from a  
more expeditious and equally competent  
author. Of Mr. Fisher, we have had occa-  
sion, more than once, to speak in the  
Literary Gazette. His voyage in the *Alceste*,  
his scientific endowments, and his strong  
natural talents, have rendered him an object  
of peculiar regard to all who know any  
thing of him, or of his writings. We are  
glad, therefore, that even in a hurried and  
crude way, he has put forth this eligible  
octavo, upon a voyage of too general an in-  
terest to be satisfied with expensive quartos,  
beyond the reach of the middling classes of  
readers. His *Journal* contains all the infor-  
mation which the expedition has gathered;  
and it is presented in a rough sailor-like  
fashion, full of literary faults, but perfectly  
right in the main point—that of telling us  
all that there is to tell, in an intelligible  
manner.

We shall make some selections from this  
publication in our next; and may, better than  
any other periodical, be excused from enter-  
ing very much into the details, because it  
has been our good fortune to lay before the  
public, not only the chief facts, but very  
nearly all the intelligence it has yet received,  
touching the expedition. At present, we  
have room but for a few brief notices.

Mr. Fisher states the particulars of the  
equipment and sailing of the ships, and his  
*Journal*, almost daily, notes the progress  
and circumstances of the voyage. His view  
of the Orkneys and more distant isles, teach  
us to regret that a similar expedition is not  
sent to explore these unknown parts of the  
British dominions. On the 16th of July, we  
find the following extract—

"A small piece of ice was picked up to-  
day, however, whose specific gravity dif-  
fered very much indeed from any that I have  
ever seen in these seas before. Its size  
would not admit well of being made into a  
cube, it was therefore formed into a rectan-  
gular parallelogram, two inches seven-tenths  
in breadth, and one-inch seven-tenths in  
thickness; and when put into a basin of  
salt water, at the temperature of 35°, and  
of the specific gravity of 1.0262, only one-  
tenth of an inch remained above the surface

of the water, or, in other words, one-seven-  
tenths of the whole.

"We passed the Brunswick, of Hull, to-  
day, on her way home: they broomed\* to  
us, that they had taken 19 whales; and, as  
she passed the Griper, they told them that  
there were about 50 whalers to the north-  
ward (close to the coast of Greenland), be-  
tween the 74 and 75 degrees of latitude.  
This was all the communication we had with  
her; or, properly speaking, that the Griper  
had, for she passed too far from us to speak  
her."

When in Lancaster's Straits, it is well  
known, that our countrymen landed on an  
island, on which they found the remains of  
human habitations: but the account of this  
we must defer till our next.

Previous to this we have a rather curious  
notice of the whale species. Mr. F. says:—

"Although we are at present checked a  
little by the ice, our hopes of success had  
reason to be increased by a certain circum-  
stance that was observed to-day. The cir-  
cumstance I allude to is the vast number of  
white whales (*Deluga*, Lin.) that were seen  
in the course of the day, from which it is  
not unreasonable to conclude that there is a  
passage from where we are, as far at least  
as M'Kenzie's river, for that traveller men-  
tions his having seen them there. People in-  
clined to be sceptical, however, would pro-  
bably consider this circumstance as of little  
or no importance, and perhaps not at all de-  
serving of being noticed in the light in which  
I have mentioned it; but as I am not a cold  
speculator, disregarding every thing except  
facts that amount almost to a positive proof,  
I hope to be excused for mentioning such  
circumstances as these, as they may be attri-  
buted to my confidence of success. As there  
was nothing particular doing in the forenoon,  
a couple of boats was sent to try if they  
could kill one of the fish above mentioned;  
but we found that they were too wary for us,  
notwithstanding every art was practised for  
the purpose of getting near them, by pulling  
and sculling after them, and, at other times,  
lying still when they happened to be coming  
towards us. The latter method appeared to  
promise most success; and had we a gun  
harpoon, I have no doubt but we might have  
succeeded, for they generally came within  
thirty or forty yards of us before they dived.  
On coming under the boat, they used to re-  
main for some time apparently viewing our  
motions; but they took care to keep always  
at such a depth that it was impossible to  
reach them. The average length of these  
fish was, as near as I could judge, from

\* This is a term used by the whale fishermen  
to express the manner in which they commu-  
nicate to one another the number of whales they  
have taken. The way in which the intelligence  
is conveyed is this; on board the ship that is  
asking for the information in question, some  
person holds up a broom in a conspicuous place  
where it may be seen by the other ship, where  
some person with a similar instrument gives the  
required information by lifting a broom up over  
his head as many times as the number of fish  
they have taken; hence the origin and meaning  
of the term *brooming a ship*.

eighteen to twenty feet; their tail was horizontal, like the rest of the order (*Cete*) to which they belong, and they had a spiracle in the crown of their head, through which they respired in the same manner as the common whales do: their colour was, with few exceptions, perfectly white; these exceptions were two or three that I saw of a dusky hue.

"Whilst we were pursuing them to-day, I noticed a circumstance that appeared to me rather extraordinary at the time, and which I have not indeed been able to account for yet to my satisfaction. The thing alluded to, is a sort of whistling noise that these fish made when, under the surface of the water, it was very audible; and the only sound which I could compare it to, is that produced by passing a wet finger round the edge, or rim of a glass tumbler. It was most distinctly heard when they were coming towards the surface of the water, that is, about half a minute before they appeared, and immediately they got their head above the water the noise ceased. The men were so highly amused by it, that they repeatedly urged one another to pull smartly, in order to get near the place where the fish were supposed to be, for the purpose of hearing what they called a 'whale-song': it certainly had very little resemblance to a song, but sailors are not generally the most happy in their comparisons."

These are all the extracts for which we can find room this week; but we may promise that those in our next (to conclude this review) will be more interesting. There are many clever wood-cuts, and a good map, in this volume; which we heartily recommend, for its scientific merits and reasonable price.

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE PRAISE OF LYING.

The professed lovers of truth have long, with more zeal than gratitude, indulged in all the bitterness of invective against lying; forgetting, that had it not been for falsehood there would have been no virtue, nor value, attached to truth. Falsehood has never manifested a similar rancorous spirit towards her rival; but should she be urged to extremity, (an event scarcely to be contemplated,) and should her empire be shaken, or indeed threatened, it will become the mother of every family to consider with what propriety she can receive into her house, and recommend to the countenance of her daughters, and protection of her sons, a person so notoriously, so scandalously indecent as Truth; who goes about without a rag to cover her, and glories in her naked charms. Must not the ears of every discreet female tingle, must not her cheeks redden with shame, at the bare mention of naked truth! naked but not ashamed! Wisely do we close our eyes to the indelicate spectacle.

How different a picture does the character of Falsehood present.—Comely and modest, concealing her person under the cloak of decency, she travels through the world,

as it were, *incog.* to delight and instruct us; and when discovered thus doing good by stealth, she—how unlike the shameless effrontery of Truth—"blushes to find it fame."

I have uniformly remarked, that an indecent exposure is malignantly proportionate to the little that is worthy of display. Nothing is more bounteous than deformity.—It loves to expatiate in its own hideousness, and exults with grim delight in a victory over nature. Thus it is with Truth: her barren empire, though contracted in extent, is rendered infinite by its dreariness; the very clouds in its heaven are not suffered to take fantastic forms, lest they should resemble that which they are not. The stream flows deep, that it may not soothe or deceive the ear with its babbling ripple. Light even is denied its gay delusion, and dazzles the eye no longer with unreal colours. In this sober region of sad realities, there is no deception; and man is only made too feelingly sensible of one great truth,—that he exists. Our brightest glories here lose their gorgeous trappings, which sink to the earth, solid only in their fall. Thus are the noblest aspirations of ardent minds chilled by the cold obstructive breath of Truth, who is wisely therefore termed, even by her most strenuous admirers, simple or plain; that is to say, silly or ugly. And here, as a disciple of Falsehood, I must implore my readers to attach importance rather to words than to things: words are the representatives of things or facts, and are surely more worthy of honor and credit than their constituents; which are notoriously and justly described as obstinate, unbending, and stubborn; qualities that certainly make no part of wisdom. But to return to the subject. The next question to be considered is, whether Truth is natural to man. I have no hesitation in affirming, that it is not. Do we not daily hear parents talk of *teaching* their children to speak the truth? The very expression implies that the thing is not natural. Who ever heard of teaching a nature? Do we teach a child to be hungry, or thirsty; to love light better than darkness; or to tell lies? No—because all these things are natural. A fact which did not escape Dr. Johnson, who stated that all children were thieves and liars. Man is therefore to be defined a lying animal; which I affirm to be the only definition that presents an essential difference, and clearly distinguishes the Lord of the creation from the rest of the animal world. The monkey resembles us in form and features, and makes us blush for our arms, legs, and body corporate. Parrots and magpies articulate, and can swear as copiously as the most accomplished youths of the age. Dogs often surpass us as much in sagacity as in honesty. But in the prerogative of lying we are unrivalled—the single proud distinguishing privilege of man—the noble creative faculty.

The superiority of this definition over Aristotle's—"that a man is a rational animal," will be at once acknowledged; for that can scarcely be called a good definition which excludes more than three-fourths of the species.

The laws of England are framed with a due reverence for the distinguishing quality of our species; accordingly its forms are carried on through the medium of fictions. A declaration or statement of a grievance in legal form is generally composed of many counts, each setting forth countless lies:—thus if a man has injured your horse, you would describe him as having done every species of injury to fifty horses and fifty mares. If he has thrown a paving stone into your water-course, you would charge him with having flung in all Stone-henge. When the king makes a bishop, it is wisely provided, lest so sanctified a person should forget his mortal condition, that he may be reminded of it by the great attribute of his nature: thus he utters as a matter of essential form, the little untruth—"Nolo episcopari."—I am unwilling to be made a bishop," though burning with the desire of the advancement, which he solemnly disclaims. We read in the Spectator of one of the fathers, who declared, that he would not tell a lie though he were sure to gain heaven by it. A bishopric would probably have obviated the scruple—but the declaration in itself was either a lie or an impiety, perhaps both. Sophocles, in his *Electra*, makes Orestes affirm, that any tale is advisable which can be productive of advantage; he also presents, in *Ulysses*, the pattern of ancient wisdom, a most accomplished liar. (See the *Philoctetes*.) Neoptolemus is convinced, by his eulogy on falsehood, and lies admirably for a beginner, under the instruction of his finished preceptor. Euripides not only approves of lying, but of perjury, as appears from a line in his *Hippolytus*; but I cannot applaud his doctrine.—It is pushing the point too far, and might, perhaps, bring Truth into fashion. Othello won the heart of Desdemona, by telling her a multitude of lies, about "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." But it were needless to quote the sanction of particular authorities for a practice so universal.

There is so little real good-will among men, that were not the forms of civility carried on through the polite medium of lying, there would be an end to all general intercourse among the human species. The truth of this position may be easily ascertained by any persons reflecting what they would have said in the course of any one day to their friends and acquaintances, provided they had been bound to speak without reserve, and without the kindly aid of white lies.

The necessity and utility of falsehood in its various shapes and modifications being thus completely established, I have now only to remark on the pleasure of it; which is so seductive, that no one who has ever indulged in the liberal practice of lying, can ever endure to confine himself to the narrow limits of tedious prosaic truth, which ever after appears weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable:—A fact which will no doubt be strongly impressed on the minds of my readers by the perusal of this short essay, which is all truth—and of course liable to the objections that attach to that unwelcome, unpalatable, and unfashionable species of writing.

PSEUDOPHILOS.



## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This society, one of the most useful and pleasing, and consequently one of the most prosperous in the kingdom, had its great business anniversary on the 1st of May, when the president, principal officers, &c. were elected, or rather re-elected, for the ensuing year:—institutions which have flourished greatly under the superintendence of particular persons, are not apt to desire a change. With the Horticultural Society we are much pleased. It embraces so many popular features; it is so fully before the public; and its purposes are so evident, and so applicable to every-day life, besides being elegant as a relaxation, and delightful as a science; that every one finds something to admire in its plan, and something to cultivate from its experiments. We have often lamented the close corporation sort of constitution on which most of our national societies have been formed, or into which they have lapsed. The people, speaking comprehensively, really know nothing of what they are about. They might discover the longitude, or the philosopher's stone; square the circle, or perfect any given art; and unless it were accidentally whispered by some academician or member, it is probable that the first account of it would be read in a translation from some Foreign Journal. This privacy is an antidote to improvement. Publicity, discussion, the collision of intellects, and general interest, are the grand means for advancing literature, the arts and sciences. Far be it from us to recommend opening the flood-gates of ignorance and presumption: but we do think, that for all the advantage of which they are to the community, some of our highest associations might as well have existed before the invention of printing, as now.

But we have digressed from the horticulturists, whose method of conducting affairs, by meriting our approbation, led us into the contrast. By the laws of this society, the council is directed to print and distribute in each year, a statement of such matters as shall be considered most particularly to require attention or elucidation; and the following subjects, proposed for medals and rewards for the ensuing year, will show, pretty clearly, to what their attention is turned, and what their objects are.

1. The production or introduction of a new variety of Pear, of good quality, sufficiently hardy to grow and ripen its fruit as a standard, calculated to supply the table in winter or spring.
  2. The production or introduction of a Currant, richer and sweeter than any of the sorts now cultivated.
  3. An account of the best method of forcing Gooseberries and Currants under glass.
  4. The production or introduction of a good early Grape, better adapted to the climate of England in the open air than any now commonly known.
  5. The production of an improved Morello Cherry, possessing the hardness and size of the present variety, and being more saccharine.
- N. B. Specimens of the fruits and cuttings of

the trees of any new fruits must be sent to the Society, together with an account and description of the particular variety.

6. An account and description of the best varieties of Cyder Apples, and of the Pears best suited to the purpose of making Perry.
7. A description and account of the different Insects which infest forcing and other hot-houses, with a statement of the most successful means of destroying them.
8. A description and account of the different Insects which infest hardy fruit-trees, with a statement of the most successful means of destroying them.
9. An account of all the different varieties of Pine Apples at present grown in England, with a particular description of each, and notice of its peculiar merits or properties.
10. An account of the treatment of any Tropical Fruit, which has been successfully cultivated in England, and which is likely to become useful in the desert. Matured specimens of the fruit to be exhibited.
11. An account and description of the different Tropical Fruits which may possibly be cultivated in this country, so as to bring their fruit to maturity.
12. An account of the best sorts of Potatoes cultivated in the gardens and for the markets near London, particularly stating the seasons for which each sort is best adapted. Specimens of the same must be exhibited to the Society.
13. An account of the different varieties of Cucumbers grown in the gardens, particularly shewing which sorts are best adapted to the different modes of cultivation. Specimens of each sort to be exhibited.
14. An account of the new discoveries in the use of Steam as applicable to horticulture, with practical directions for its application.
15. An account and description of the different sorts of Stocks generally used for grafting and budding fruits in Great Britain.
16. Observations on the effect produced on the Scion and its produce, by the stock on which it is grafted.
17. An account of the best method of managing and cultivating the Culinary and Physical Herbs usually grown in gardens.
18. The discovery of a method of cultivating the Truffle in places where it does not grow naturally.
19. Explanation of the causes of clubbing in the roots of Cabbages, Brocoli, &c. with directions how to prevent the same.
20. The introduction of any new deciduous or ever-green Shrub of peculiar merit, and sufficiently hardy to stand the winter in England without protection. Rooted plants to be given to the Society.
21. An account and description of the species and varieties of any genus of ornamental plants, whether shrubs, herbaceous, or bulbs, with instructions for the cultivation and treatment of the plants described.
22. An account of all the varieties of Camellia now cultivated in England, with instructions for the management and propagation of them. Specimens to be exhibited.
23. An account and description of the different classes and best varieties in each, of the Garden Tulip, to include notices of the double and early sorts (many of which possess extraordinary beauty), as well as of those kinds generally cultivated by florists.
24. Description of all the species and varieties of Cyclamen, and account of the proper mode of cultivating each.

25. An account of the best method of managing and cultivating the hardy Orchiden in a garden.

26. A method of treating the Hyacinth, so as to afford roots equal to those imported.

27. Instructions for the proper management of Epidendra, Aerides, and other plants of that description, in a stove.

We ought to add, that the Society does not limit its patronage to these matters, as communications on any other subject connected with horticulture are eligible to be received, and, if of sufficient merit, to be noticed and rewarded.

The ordinary meetings of the Society are uncommonly interesting; the attendance, highly respectable and numerous; the display of fine fruits, the distribution of rare vegetables, trees, seeds, plants, &c., and the liberal interchange of curious or valuable products, render them altogether a source of gratification to the members, and of utility to the public at large.

## AEROSTATICS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—You have, I think, noticed in your useful Journal, a claim stated in several papers to have been made by a Mingarelli of Bologna, to a reward of 20,000 pounds Sterling, for having discovered a method of giving a horizontal direction to the air balloon. The means which Mr. Mingarelli pretends to have discovered, is to place a small mortar running on four wheels, in the bottom of the gondola of the balloon. The recoil of this piece, according to Mr. Mingarelli, will make the balloon move in whatever direction is desired; and he claims in consequence the 20,000 pounds reward offered by the Royal Society of London for this discovery. But he does not say that he has made any experiments with a balloon; he does not explain how the weight of his aerial artillery is to be carried. Can he be ignorant that his method has already been proposed in France, and rejected by the Academy as impracticable?

We all recollect the manner in which Esop solved the famous problem, proposed by Nitanebo, king of Egypt, to Lyceus, king of Lydia, to build a tower in the air; by causing two baskets, in each of which was a child, to be carried up to a certain height by two eagles. "These are my architects," said he, "supply them with materials." Mr. Mingarelli, doubtless says, in the same manner, "I offer a method; give me 20,000, and I will execute it."—*A Constant Reader.*

## LITERATURE &amp; LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## COLLINS THE POET.

Interesting particulars of the Poet Collins, not alluded to in the Lives of Johnson and Langhorne.

Besides the anecdotes recorded in a late Number of the Literary Gazette of Collins, selected chiefly from letters of Thomas Warton, to Mr. Hyners of Queen's Col-

\* To the private letter on this subject we shall return an answer as early as we can.—Ed.

lege, Oxford, the following communication, signed I. R. and addressed, as is supposed, to Mr. H., at the time he was collecting materials for the life of the poet, contains information, however trivial the matters upon which it dilates, worthy of being preserved in a collected form. "There are many little anecdotes, which tell well enough in conversation, but would be tiresome for you to read, or me to write; so I shall pass them over. I had formerly several scraps of his (Collins's) poetry, which were written on particular occasions; these I lent among our acquaintance, who never returned them; and being engaged in extensive business, I forgot to ask for them, and they are lost. All I have remaining of his are about twenty lines, which would require a little history to be understood. I have a few of his letters, the subjects of which are chiefly on business; but I think there are in them some flights which strongly mark his character; for which reason I preserved them. There are so few of his intimates now living, that I believe I am the only one who can give a true account of his family and connections. The principal part of what I write is from my own knowledge, or what I have heard from his nearest relations. His father was not the manufacturer of hats, but the vender. He lived in a genteel style at Chichester, and, I think, filled the office of mayor more than once. He was pompous in his manners; but at his death left his affairs considerably embarrassed. Colonel Martyn, his wife's brother, greatly assisted his family, and supported William Collins at the University, where he stood for a fellowship, which, to his great mortification, he lost; and this was in great measure the reason of his quitting that place so abruptly. But he had other reasons: he was in arrears to his bookseller, his tailor, and other tradesmen; but I believe, a desire to partake of the gaiety and dissipation of London, was his principal motive. Colonel Martyn, was at this time with his regiment; and Mr. Payne, a near relation, had the management of the Collins' affairs, with the commission to supply them with small sums of money. The Colonel was the more sparing in this order, having suffered considerably by Alderman Collins, who had formerly been his agent, and forgetting that his wife's brother's cash was not his own, had applied it to his own use. When William Collins came from the University, he called on his cousin Payne, gaily dressed, with a feather in his hat; at which his relation expressed surprise, and told him his appearance was by no means that of a young man who had not a single guinea to call his own.

His frequent demands for supplies of money obliged Mr. Payne to tell him, he must pursue some other line of life, for he was sure Colonel Martyn would be displeased with him for having spent so much. This resource being stopped, compelled him to set about some work, of which The Revival of Learning was the first, and for which he printed proposals, (one of which I have,) and took the first subscription money from many of his particular friends. The book

was begun, but soon stood still. Drs. Johnson and Langhorne are mistaken when they say the translation of Aristotle was never begun; I know to the contrary, for some progress was made in both; but most in the latter. I one day reproached him with idleness; when, to convince me that my censure was unjust, he shewed me many sheets of his translation of Aristotle, which he said he had so fully employed himself about, as to prevent him from calling on any of his friends so frequently as he used to do. It was at this time that he engaged to furnish Mr. Manby, of Ludgate Hill, with some Lives for the Biographia Britannica, nine of which even came to maturity. To raise a present subsistence, he set about writing his Odes; and having a general invitation to my house, he frequently passed whole days there, which he employed in writing them; and as frequently burning what he had written, after reading them to me. Many of them which pleased me I struggled to preserve, but without effect; for pretending he would alter them, he got them from me, and thrust them into the fire. He was an acceptable companion every where; and among the gentlemen who loved him for his genius, I may reckon Drs. Armstrong, Barrow, and Hill, and Messrs. Quin, Garrick, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion on their pieces, before they were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's coffee houses. From his knowledge of Garrick, he had the liberty of the scenes and the Green Room. He lived dependant upon Colonel Martyn until that gentleman's death, who left what fortune he died possessed of to Collins and his two sisters."

The remainder of this communication is occupied with details with which the reader is already familiar. The letters described as being in the possession of the writer, would doubtless contribute in an important degree to illustrate the character of Collins.

#### LITERARY FUND.

On Thursday next the anniversary of this excellent Institution will be observed at the Freemason's Tavern; and we are happy to learn, that exertions, likely to be productive of much pleasure to the visitors, have been made by those to whom the arrangements are entrusted. Many very distinguished individuals, both in rank and in literature, have signified their intention to be present. It is hoped that the usual relaxations of music and song, will be varied by the recitation of poems from the pens of able writers, and delivered by gentlemen of high professional celebrity. It may be expected under such circumstances, that the entertainment will be what it ought to be, when the distresses of the learned, and the misfortunes of genius, claim sympathy from the elevated and the rich of a country famed for its generous sentiments.

#### LORD BYRON'S PLAGIARISMS.

The papers under this title which have appeared in the Literary Gazette, have caused as strong a sensation on the conti-

ment, as at home. Among the multitude of paragraphs to which they have given rise, we have been amused with the following pseudo statement of the case, in the Courrier Français of the 21st ult.

"Les journaux anglais sont aujourd'hui divisés d'opinions sur une importante matière. Il est question de l'accusation de plagiat intentée contre lord Byron, par sir A. A. Watts. Le baronnet, qui sait Palla-mand, prétend que le pair a trouvé son génie tout fait dans les poésies germaniques. Les défenseurs de Byron, de leur côté, soutiennent que Voltaire, pour avoir enchaîné dans son Alzire, dans son Mahomet, une ou deux perles trouvées dans le fumier de Jodelle, de Mairat, et de Duryer, n'est pas un plagiaire, et que tous les hommes de génie ont repris leur bien où ils ont pu. Ils disent encore que si Byron a embelli d'une versification mâle, harmonieuse et brillante, quelques idées philosophiques dont les Allemands se sont souvent occupés, les caractères qu'il a tracés, les passions qu'il a fait mouvoir, ces épouvantables images dont il est rempli, lui appartiennent et n'appartiennent qu'à lui. Nous sommes ici référendaires de cette petite querelle, parce qu'un ou deux journaux français ont cru devoir s'en mêler, et que, sans répéter les rétorsions et les répliques, ils ont répété les accusations."

#### FINE ARTS.

##### WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

Restored to its original design, and limited to productions in this branch of art so peculiar to England, and brought to such perfection by her artists; we have reaped very great pleasure in witnessing the delightful collection of pictures now exhibiting by the Society of Painters in Water Colours; it being the seventeenth year of their offering this species of enjoyment to the public. There are 191 pieces in the rooms, many of which are calculated to excite admiration, and the vast majority to give satisfaction to the lover of art. The Exhibitors are not so numerous as we have seen them; there being but 22 in all, including five associates. Among the principal of these, we have been in the first instance, attracted by the works of Mr. J. Varley; of G. F. Robson; of Mr. S. Prout; of Mr. Copley Fielding; of Mr. Barrett; and of Mr. W. Turner. Smaller pictures of high merit may have escaped our attention; but the performances of these artists could not be passed over without obtaining distinguished notice. We shall mention a few in their numerical order.

No. 32. *Llyn Idwal, North Wales*.—Robson.

A picturesque and grand landscape. The wild nature of the scene is finely represented, the tone of colouring perfectly suited to the subject, and the whole full of truth and interest.

No. 34. *Place de la Pucelle, Rouen*.—Prout.

This is a capital picture of an ancient French town, and equally happy in the grouping and costume of the people.

No. 40. *Stirling Castle*.—Robson.

A charming object for landscape, and charmingly treated. The bold rock and



castle, contrast delightfully with the campagne and river below; and the singular natural beauties of this spot, are most skillfully transferred to this sweet copy of them.

Nos. 42, 43. *Italian Vistas*.—J. Smith.

This artist belongs to the elder school of Water Colour Painters, to which these pieces do honour. They are clear, harmonious, and unaffected.

No. 63. *Doune Castle*.—Robson.

Upon this we might bestow the same encomiums as upon No. 40. The effects of morning are delicious.

No. 72. *Scene from the Bride of Abydos*.—Varley.

For imagination, a deep tone of feeling, and other of the higher attributes of art, this scene ranks among the foremost we have ever looked upon in Water Colours. Every thing is in keeping. The drooping cypresses, the dark tombs, the mourning figure, the dilapidated columns, and the broken vases, all combine to give interest and tender sublimity to this well conceived and well executed design. It merited what, we observe, it has received,—the premium given by the Society.

No. 98. *Shipwreck*; No. 137. *Man of War ashore*.—Prout.

In the first of these there is a very striking and original effect. The bluish cast of the spray is diamally consonant to the calamity represented. There is, however, in both pictures, a deficiency of sea—we ought not to want water in an Exhibition of this denomination.

No. 99. *Scene near Cunner*.—Turner.

It has often seemed to us that the most difficult thing to represent in a landscape was a field of corn; nor do we remember ever to have seen this done agreeably to nature, either with oils or in water colours. The present picture is exceedingly clever in this respect; and the whole landscape simple and beautiful.

No. 109. *London, from Greenwich Park*.—Fielding.

A noble composition, of one of the grandest views in the world. This is its prominent excellence; for the artist is such a mannerist in colouring that we become quite offended with his ever-repeated ochres. Even his No. 86, one of the most spirited pictures of Vessels in a Gale that can be imagined, is injured by a near approach to this favourite yellow, on the very deck of the principal ship. No. 158, *Twilight*, by the same, does honour to his pencil.

We purpose continuing our remarks on this Exhibition, which, taken altogether, is one of the best which has been formed by the parties. Perhaps there are not enough of familiar subjects to give variety to the landscapes.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

[One of our Correspondents reproaches us with having given place to some indifferent poetry in the L. G.; we hope the following bona fide communication will give him, and all other gossamers, satisfaction.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—Should the following possess sufficient merit for insertion in your Journal, you will confer a great favour by speedily noticing it: if successful, I shall submit more of my compositions to your inspection. I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

W.

### THE EFFECTS OF LOVE.

"Your beauty, ladies,  
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours  
Even to the opposed end of our intents."

Shakespeare.

Sunday last I was called by my duty so pressing  
To visit the church of St. Paul,  
Which is situate, sir—fifty yards from my dwelling—

'Twas a minute's short walk without toll:  
Near an hour I walked without seeing the church—

I'd past it, the truth of it was.  
A gent. I now asked, where for it I must search;

Can't find it indeed, sir, I'm pos.  
Awhile he me eyed, but quickly replied,  
(With laughter his muscles did move)

'It lies to the East, two good miles at least—  
I fear, my young man, you're in Love.'

Some dinner to get, one day lately I walked  
To a coffee-house near my abode,  
Where a crony I met—with him 'gan to talk,

On politics, news, and the 'mote';  
Meat, porter, bread, so on, I ordered direct,  
It arrived with celerity—pat—

But with me, of attention but little I met,  
For in reverie pensive I sat;  
My friend who sat next, and saw me perplex'd,

His judgment and knowledge would prove—  
'Dear William,' said he, 'you surely must be,  
Either out of your mind, or in Love.'

T'other day, wanting gloves, to a shop I pop't in,  
(It proved I went into the wrong)  
Behind its bright counter a damsel was seen,

Gazing out on the street's busy throng;  
'Pray, madam,' said I, 'some gloves let me see,

They may either be kid, black, or grey,  
'Tis no matter which, only good let them be;  
From this pound note, please lady, take pay.'

Quite angry she looked, and thus me rebuked—  
'Tis strange you come here for a glove;  
I profess, sir, the art, of pie, custard, and tart—

Poor soul, you must sure be in Love.'"

W.

### TO MY LOVE.

After seeing the play of *Brutus*.

Celestial Celestina! t'other day  
I told you that I'd never send you prose,  
Because 'tis quite beyond its flight to say,

Half the fine things that, every body knows,  
Ought to be said to you, and such as you!  
So, Phœbus, help me thro' a billet doux.

Besides, that rhyme, for lovers in the gout,  
Or ladies, to the chin in love, does steal  
A sort of soporific cloak about

Their sensibilities in head or heel,  
Zephyrs may lull your sheep to sleep, but those  
Are air to rhyme, for a substantial doze.

Victorious victim of the tender passion,  
Last night *Lucretia* might have ate her steel,  
And *Brutus* helped her in the operation,

And *Tarquin* on them both have made a meal;  
None are so deaf as those who will not hear;  
And Love just then had caught you by the ear.

This is a fair specimen of the better sort sent  
to us for publication.—Ed.

And he, to whom both eye and ear were given,  
For whom your bosom heaved its whitest  
heave,  
Whose look shot up your soul three leagues to  
heaven,

Upon my soul was laughing in his sleeve;  
Sworn to reduce you to the last despair,  
Then make a killing bow, and leave you there.  
And, as in Spain, when highborn culprits hang,  
Or simply stretch their sinews upon racks,  
They give them laudanum, to ease the pang  
The highest born may feel about their backs;  
So Love, I send my lines to ease the pains  
My passion destines for your heart and brains.

AMORET.

Impromptu: To M. Helian.

Doctors, a race licenced to kill,  
Compared to thee, thou man of doom,  
Are nothing; for thy horrid skill,  
Each day brings hundreds to the Tomb.

TRUTHA.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE JEWS IN LITTLE RUSSIA.

In Little Russia (for we mean to confine our observations to the Jews in this part of the Russian Empire), we obtain a more accurate knowledge of the peculiarities of this original people, than any where else; and we are led also to form a better opinion of them than in other countries, where their affectation of Christian manners, and their assumed contempt of their own primeval usages, makes them for the most part ridiculous, without procuring, what they earnestly desire, external consideration. From the dead letter of the law, and its rigorous observance, the living spirit is led, by the hand of time: religious orders sufficiently prove this. The more faithfully and uniformly a people abides by the ritual observances of its forefathers, the more strictly defined does its character remain, the more consequential is it in its aggregate; by this alone, it is united into a connected whole: it is then, much easier to withstand attacks, when no individual avoids the shock, but each bears his share in proportion to his strength, thus dividing and breaking its force. This praiseworthy common suffering of oppression and persecution, has hitherto alone preserved the Jews.

They are evidently endowed with an ample share of natural good sense; which, guided from their childhood by precept and example, they have ready at hand for every particular case, and at all times. As they pursue a single object only, that of procuring the means of living in as great abundance as possible, they are not diverted by any collateral tendencies, which are closed against them, but remain constantly in the same practice, without any inducement to inconsistency. Hence, they always succeed whenever an opportunity presents itself; for it may be truly said of them, that they carry their wits about them, in ready cash, and in every current species of coin. In them the understanding seems entirely practical. They especially direct it to the observation of every kind of inattention; and he who in intercourse with them commits the smallest

overnight, may depend on paying smart money. Hence they are almost always good chess-players, because they always play with unvarying self-possession, with equal vigilance to seize every inconsiderate move of their adversary. On account of the trick and stratagem which seem to be displayed in this game, Chamfort says harshly, but not untruly, "*On ne joue pas aux échecs avec un bon cœur*," because a good heart detests watching for opportunities to take advantage. A stupid man is very rarely found among them, and therefore appears twice as stupid as among other people; because none are so constantly obliged to be on their guard against attack and injury. As rude force is opposed to them, they arm themselves with prudence, as a sensible woman behaves to a brutal passionate husband; and like her, they gain the advantage, after enduring and patiently bearing injustice. The great demands made upon a Jew's purse by his superiors, and from all quarters, render his life hard, and imperiously command him to watch like a spider, for every favourable moment when prey may be caught, however insignificant, in order to satisfy those demands, and support himself and his family. They say, and doubtless with truth, that even by drops the vessel becomes at length full. This makes the Jews accurate observers; and none more quickly conceive the character, the peculiarities, the weak sides of individuals. What is to be thought of mankind in general is no business of theirs; but the individual who stands before them to deal, is seen through and through; and they judge of him with such extraordinary infallibility, that it might be called instinct.

A Jew is not idle a moment. He takes interest in whatever he sees; enquires, now with harmless, now with designed confidence, into every thing, however foreign to him, because the information he obtains may be of service to him, one time or another; he eagerly interferes in every thing, and disarms the most violent impatience, by feigned uneasiness, and ironical humility. It would be a very great mistake to attribute this to cowardly fear. A people, naturally of so ardent a temper, check themselves only from reflection; because from religious hatred, and the laudable maxims thence derived, in general, even when they have the fullest right on their side, justice is done them only by way of parade in some flagrant cases, unless motives for impartiality are slipped into the hand of the Judge. As they daily experience, that they live as among the Odrissians, from whom, as Thucydides relates, nothing was to be gained without presents, they begin every affair with them; which, in the Odrissian country was also the best mode of doing business. If any one would learn the often very difficult art of bribery, he must learn it from them; otherwise he will remain for ever a bungler. As rough treatment, abusive language, and even blows, bring no disgrace whatever upon them; they continually return to the attack, like flies that are brushed away; and at length make brutality itself tame and pliant, and even friendly. Exemplary patience is at once interesting

and flattering. They have often acquired the most extraordinary influence over persons in high situations, inaccessible to every body else, who could not hope for success in applications except through their intervention. As no ceremony whatever is made with them, their presence is at all times convenient; and as they are always at hand, they have opportunities to watch for the happiest moments, which they instantly seize and turn to their advantage, in the most easy and skilful manner, as if they had been trained to it by courtiers and jesuits. They are also admirable masters and models, of the art of recalling things to a person's mind; and as their thoughts are uninterruptibly fixed on the execution of their plans, the result is almost always in their favour, unless very sudden untoward circumstances baffle their calculations.

If they have a secret grudge against any one, they direct their revenge against the purse of the offender; and, if they cannot get at him themselves, through a third person. The word of proscription runs like wildfire, through their whole circle of acquaintance, and every one exerts himself to obtain, as far as in him lies, satisfaction for his offended countryman, and at the least to revenge him, by doing some injury to the offender, even though he does not afterwards share with him the advantage which his dexterity has gained. For the offence done to one is considered as done to all, and each is zealous to lay snares for the victim, which are prepared and concealed in the most ingenious manner. They are also perfect adepts in the art of slandering.

But for the endless activity which is peculiar to the Jews, the greater part of them must indeed go to ruin; and it is truly wonderful with what perseverance they follow every kind of employment. There are no better valets in the world. (They are called here factors.) If they are only recompensed in some measure to their satisfaction, they carry to excess their willingness and zeal, which grow at length into a good-natured attachment. A very sensible man once characterised their indefatigable obligingness, as contrasted with the rudeness of the valet de place in other countries, very aptly, saying, if you were to ask a Jewish valet, "are square eggs to be had here?" he would answer, without expressing any surprise, "I will enquire." They are, therefore, grateful when they are not treated with that rude contempt which some persons, out of natural vulgarity of disposition, show towards them; for though they are disarmed, and obliged to bear it, they feel the injustice of such treatment.

But they show their good sense above all, by carefully concealing it, only letting just as much appear, as is indispensably requisite for the occasion. At the same time they frequently afford cause to admire the uncommon wit, which comes from their lips like sparks of fire; though one is often induced to fancy that their happy conceits, (from their generality and polish) are among the number of their inherited family jokes, which indeed constitute one peculiarity of the Jews. But

there are also Christians, who fancy that their family is honoured by the dullest commonplace of their grandfather, which must therefore by no means be lost, but descend from father to son like a family jewel.

The Jews in the Ukraine have a lively imagination; but are above all others, superstitious, devoted to mystical studies, and bigoted cabalists.

A belief prevails among the Jewish women, that children sometimes weep and utter cries before they are born, when the family is threatened with any misfortune. One of them whom I asked, how that was possible? replied very composedly, "How can you doubt, sir, since I myself heard it in the case of my own sister?" As politeness requires us to believe women on their words, I could only be silent, leaving the truth of the matter to rest on its own foundation.

We have often occasion to observe how extremely proud Jews are of their noble descent, especially, as is every where the case, the women. There are families, for instance that of Horwitz, (probably a branch of the Spanish Hervas, of the same stock,) that of Rappaport, and others, to whom the Alvenslebens, the Schulenburgs, and even the family of Anhalt, would be but new nobility, if we would take their Hebrew genealogies for gospel, and leave out of the question all obscure collateral relationships, and moonshine quarterings, which glitter with only borrowed light. The glory of their ancestors is well known; but the descendants cannot be reproached with having degenerated: it would be unjust to put such unmerited disgrace upon them. But even without being of noble descent, the Jews of this country have a remarkable share of pride. The poorest Jewish girl always considers it as a disgrace when she is absolutely obliged to be a servant to another Jew.

If a Jew or Jewess, or their child, possesses any quality to be praised, as sense, accomplishments, beauty, &c. it is immediately extolled by all others, even enemies, (that is to say, in the presence of Christians,) with New Greek superlatives; for in their discourse they never observe due bounds. This is a characteristic feature of the Jews in other countries also, however they may have endeavoured to lay aside the appearances of Hebraism.

Sometimes they suffer themselves to be converted, for all manners of reasons: Their sophistry generally renders the labour of the catechist difficult, and retards the result, unless they have urgent reasons to decide at once. This trait of character is expressed in the popular tradition concerning the Jew, who, out of malicious guilty curiosity, ran to the spot where the corpses of the three martyrs, St. Vincent, St. Sabina, and St. Chrysteta, were thrown, in order to look at them. He had scarcely reached the spot, when the wonderful dragon which watched the sacred spot, rushed out upon him, coiled his tail round him, and flew away with him. Thus suspended between heaven and earth, what means of safety were left but to become a convert at once? Scarcely had he expressed his belief in Christianity in the most sacred



terms, which he had still recollection enough to utter, when the dragon gently set the astonished proselyte on the ground, and returned to his post. The tradition forgets to say whether he faithfully kept what he promised to the dragon. There were times in which the dragon's mode of making converts might be applied as an allegory; and in such times the poor proselytes would hardly merit a severe reproof if now and then one were inclined to apostasy.

#### Foreign Traveller.

##### POLICHINELLO—LEONIDAS.

The Neapolitan army, which has vanished like the *Ombres Chinoises*, after gasconades far surpassing all those that ever proceeded from the banks of the Garonne, has just undergone the last humiliation. The Polichinello of Naples overwhelms it with his *lazzi*, in the theatre. What a nation! subjugated by a foreign army, cowering under the cane of a corporal, it goes to the theatre to laugh with Polichinello, who drags it through the mire of ridicule.

The following is a scene in a theatrical piece, which has been performing at Naples since the entrance of the Austrians.

*Scapin.* *Per Bacco!* shall I believe my eyes? it is friend Polichinello in *proprâ personâ*! but what means that tunic à la Grecque! that helmet with flowing hair, which gives him the air of the *Cristatus Achilles*?

*Polichinello.* There is nothing of Achilles in all this, my good Scapin: I am, or at least I was, *Leonidas at Thermopylæ*.

*Scap.* And pray, my good friend, what is the piece in which you have undertaken to perform this part?

*Poli.* What piece, forsooth! why, where have you been? In that droll farce, where friend *Pépé* went to perform yonder in the Abruzzos. Only think, friend Scapin, he had given me the command of his 300 Brutians, who were weary, they said, of hearing the 300 Spartans continually talked of, and had sworn to cause them to be forgotten.

*Scap.* So!—tell me, pray, how you set about it?

*Poli.* First, my good friend, I set about reading ancient history; I found that this Signor Leonidas, with his 300 brave men, had posted himself in a defile, which they called Thermopylæ. Accordingly, as soon as I discovered among the mountains a path where none but a goat could venture without breaking its neck, I said to myself—"Behold my Thermopylæ! We shall see whether Polichinello is not as good a man as Leonidas!"

*Scap.* Very well! But what did you do in your hollow way?

*Poli.* I had read in my great book, that Leonidas and his Spartans employed themselves in combing their hair, while expecting the Persians, in order to have their toilette finished before they went to sup with Pluto: I therefore set about combing my wig.

*Scap.* In order to be quite ready to go and sup with Lucifer?

*Poli.* Not at all, my good Scapin; but to go and eat macaroni with Madame Cicogne, and our dear children, who were waiting for

me at the foot of the mountain: but oh! horrid to relate! the Tyrolese sharpshooters came up too soon, and devoured all.

*Scap.* Ah, poor fellow! Then I am no longer surprized at finding you rather thinner.

*Poli.* I believe so. But—that is not all.

*Scap.* This not all?

*Poli.* Alas no! only conceive, that to return a little more quickly to receive the prize of honour promised to the 300 Thermopylians, I mounted behind one of the heroes of the sacred squadron; but, oh, new misfortune! would you believe it, my dear Scapin, that without any respect for the name of this invincible troop, those cursed peasants of Avelino, with staves and pitchforks; . . . I dare not relate all this aloud, but I will whisper it in your ear. . . . In short you see, I, who had tolerably round shoulders, and a pretty prominent corporation, have become as flat as our great *Pépé* himself.

*Scap.* Ah, poor Polichinello! and what will you be now?

*Poli.* Whatever you will, my good friend! provided it be not Leonidas. Adieu, Thermopylæ! adieu, Spartans, Samnites, Brutians, Daunians, Hirpinians, Persians, &c. I will not even be any longer a Neapolitan. For 500 years the Polichinellos have flourished, from father to son, in your city of Naples. Their courage was well known there. They were a match for any thing, from a Commissary of Police to the Devil himself. We cannot live except among brave men; and you see therefore that I can no longer reside among you.

#### THE DRAMA.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—On Tuesday, Mozart's famous *La Clemenza di Tito* was performed, for the introduction of Madame Albert and Signor Curioni, in the characters of Vitellia and Titus. We have no room to enter into detail. Madame Albert is tolerably known to the English; for who has not, in some way or other, adventured as far as Paris?—and she was there to be heard nightly at the French opera. Her attempt at the Italian was reserved for this country. She is an agreeable singer;—her voice is *French*, and we remember it fearfully sonorous; though on Tuesday it was reduced, and was (occasionally) deserving of applause. She has a good stage figure. Her engagement is, probably, but for a short time; but we must not despair. Curioni is a handsome man; and so far as Titus gave him opportunity, he appears a good singer. His voice is flexible, but not fine. However, he is far better than our general importations.

**DRURY LANE.**—Under the favourable auspices of an injunction, the tragedy of Marino Faliero has been performed almost every night this week, at Drury-lane, to excellent houses, if we may credit the playbills, which we are not entirely disposed to do, because we find them asserting an absolute and notorious falsehood\*, when they

\* In point of fact, three acts of this play were performed on Wednesday night to empty benches, though the entrance of half-price in

state that on the first night of representation "no impression could have been more formidable: no applause more genuine or perfect." The tragedy, whether attended or not, whether bepraised or belished, remains the same monotonous, didactic, prosy poem; unfit for the stage, by its want of action, of plot, and of every constituent for dramatic effect. Our opinion of the unfairness with which the author is used in this business, also continues unchanged. The fame of Lord Byron (however founded) is his own dear property; and we maintain that no man has a right to bring it into certain jeopardy, by garbled and mutilated transformations of his works, and by placing them in a light for which they never were intended. The caricature of the Doge of Venice, witnessed nightly at this theatre, is shameful; for it not only renders all its defects conspicuous, but it destroys all its beauties, and utterly alters the destination and purpose of the noble author.

**COVENT-GARDEN.**—Last week, a Sieur Davoust was suffered to exhibit here a feat of a remarkable, but, for a patent national theatre, a most derogatory description. It consisted of being pulled up to the proscenium, and crossing it with his head downward, by means of hooks on his feet and rings in the roof. This foolish and disgusting exploit was barely endured for two nights; and the Sieur's mountebank tricks of beating a drum, waving flags, drinking wine, biting one toe, &c. while in this unnatural, and, from the great height, alarming position; were only attended by the manifestation of the pleasure of the audience at their being ended. On Wednesday last, another puppet-show business disgraced this theatre. We presume that any thing which can draw money to the theatres is now reckoned justifiable, however obnoxious to good taste and a proper feeling for the histrionic art. But, in our opinion, the system is equally indefensible on the score of right, injurious to the drama, and degrading to the stage. Patent rights are not granted without some equivalent; and no man can doubt that it is the bounden duty of the patentees of Covent-Garden, as well as of other theatres, so fenced with privileges, to do their utmost, if not to exalt, at least to preserve the regular drama from such contamination, rather than thus to take the lead in its utter debasement. So much we may briefly say as to the merits of the case, as between the theatre and the public; but even as it relates to the theatre itself, there can be no excuse for this gross perversion of its rational objects. It is quite lamentable to behold the space which ought to be filled by men of fine talents, occupied by tricksters and buffoons; and no enlightened country

some measure reinforced the audience, who seemed to seize with all vivacity and loud applause (we do not include the boxes) on every passage that upheld the projectors of crime, and that named the ancient conspirators against social order, or could bear allusion to the worthy personages of our own day, who profess the same commendable tenets. The anti-patriotic sentiments scattered throughout the tragedy seemed to constitute its strongest, and, in fact, only hold on public attention.

can endure to see the severe precepts of the tragic, and humorous lessons of the comic muse, superseded, on their own peculiar and sole ground, by fellows badly imitating flies on a ceiling, or distorting themselves into attitudes; with the weight of a beast of burthen on their backs. On Wednesday last, a Hercules, and another posture-maker, performed wonderful feats, which would have deserved applause had they been seen in a proper place. But surely we need not repeat, that the lifting of amazing weights, and other exhibitions of strength and agility, are by no means at home in one of our two national theatres.

On the 27th, a debutant attempted the part of Harry Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*; but, however agreeable his vocal powers may be in private, he made a botch on the stage, and is not likely to be heard more. No applauding auditor will be found to cry, "Let him roar again!—let him roar again!"

*Miss Dance's Juliet*.—On Monday evening, Miss Dance appeared, for the first time, as Juliet. The character has been often and unfairly pronounced to be overdrawn and extravagant; and judging, as we generally do, by the cold criterion of English feeling, her rapidly-formed and wildly devotional attachment has been deemed too fervent for probability and nature. But Juliet is, in "her first flight from the cage," the child of a religion, in the votaries of which, spiritual love often wears the guise of human passion, and the affection of the heart seems identified in impassioned adoration with the worship of the divinity. She is an Italian; the native of a land where young life is love, and where love is "as the lava flood."

Miss Dance's entrée was marked by much, but quickly-subdued agitation; and the first scene was fortunately one which, without demanding exertion from her, allowed time for the recovery of her self-possession. Her subsequent performance was a tissue of delicacy of conception, and power and beauty of delivery. Her (in a great degree) original perception of the part, forbids us to contrast it with the performance of others; but it was such, that it left us no room to regret the absence of its previous representatives. Her appearance and deportment were very fine; and in the masquerade scene, when her lover images her beauty, as "hanging on the brow of night, like the rich jewel in the Ethiop's ear," her rich pallidness of countenance, the luxuriance of her raven tresses, and the splendor of her dark eye, answered well the application of the superb compliment.

It would, in fact, require nearly an uninterrupted repetition of the part, were we to notice all the beauties of her personation of it; but the garden scene owed much of exquisite effect to the sweet imaginings of the actress. Her suspicion of the sleeping potion being poisoned, and the horrible conceit of recovering from its effects while in the grave, were powerfully and freezingly expressed; and the conclusion of her performance was such that, when poor Juliet sought her early grave, the heart descended with her into the tomb of the Capulets. Miss Dance has adopt-

ed a probably too frequent waving movement of the head; and her exits will be better accomplished if she resigns her march to its natural grace, and assumes less of the ordinary theatric step. These are, however, only slight points for correction, in a Juliet worthy of Shakspeare.

MR. YOUNG.—This accomplished actor has been making an extensive theatrical tour during the summer. After opening the Dublin Theatre, where he performed the round of the principal characters with his usual popularity, he went to the north of Ireland, for, we believe, the first time. His reception at the Belfast theatre was highly gratifying. The house was constantly crowded during his engagements; and he has borne away from a city, remarkable for its intelligence and general literary taste, the strongest proofs of personal and public civility. His engagements in Scotland compelled his attendance, and he is now playing in Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. with the success to be expected from his fine and cultivated talents. He returns to London, it is said, in time for the commencement of the season.

#### VARIETIES.

The Caledonian Mercury states, that a Mr. Kent of Glasgow has invented a machine by which he is enabled to walk upon the surface of the water; and that he actually performed this extraordinary feat in the presence of above 200 persons, by walking three miles within an hour, on the Monkland Canal, on the morning of the 23rd ult.

Some fanatics lately attempted to burn the theatre at Boston, in America. Bigotry, it seems, is confined to no country.

The law-suits between Mr. Severn and several Insurance Companies, on questions arising out of the fire by which that gentleman's very extensive sugar houses were destroyed, seem to have kindled an almost equally great combustion in the scientific world. *The oil dispute*, as it is called, has chemical champions (who were witnesses) on both sides; and oil does not appear to abate their flames. Pamphlets and essays are flying about in all directions; and among the rest we have been struck with an ably written paper by Mr. S. Parkes, in the *Journal of Science*. This writer combats six opponents; and it is edifying enough to see how a man exerts himself when the odds, in numbers are at least, against him.

*Progress of a lie*.—A gentleman who had been at Mr. Belzoni's exhibition on Tuesday, (which we rejoice to say, was, as it deserved to be, most numerously attended,) on coming down stairs observed, that he should not wonder if 1200 persons came there within half an hour. A listener caught the sound, and in another minute, repeated, that 1200 persons had been to see the tomb during the last half hour. A lady soon after issued from the Water-colour Exhibition, and the statement had risen, according to her version, to the fact of 1200 persons

\* We are informed that about 1204 was paid at the door, in the course of the day.

having been up stairs every half hour since the door opened. At five o'clock, we happened to look in, and we found that an ingenious calculator had, on these premises, made the following calculation. "From 10 to 5, are 7 hours or 14 half hours; during each of these, 1200 persons at 2s. 6d.—150l. the sum total received has been exactly two thousand one hundred pounds, exclusive of catalogue!"

Nicknames are often very improperly given, as has certainly been the case where an illustrious Duke is concerned; but the epithet attached to him has led to so nice a story, that we are sure he will enjoy a laugh at it. The anecdote goes, that His Royal Highness, inspecting a receptacle for lunatics, entered one of the cells, whose inmate instantly cried out, "Ah! silly Billy, silly Billy!" upon which he turned to the keeper and observed, with whimsical nonchalance, "That man is not mad, why do you detain him?" The keeper assured His Royal Highness, that the maniac was one of their worst cases; though, added he, wishing to make matters smooth, "Please your Royal Highness, he has lucid intervals!"

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL, 1821.

Thursday, 26—Thermometer from 45 to 75.  
Barometer from 29.72 to 29.64.  
Friday, 27—Thermometer from 50 to 67.  
Barometer from 29.65 to 29.76.  
Saturday, 28—Thermometer from 40 to 72.  
Barometer from 29.83 to 29.80.  
Sunday, 29—Thermometer from 44 to 63.  
Barometer from 29.80 to 29.88.  
Monday, 30—Thermometer from 45 to 51.  
Barometer from 29.96 to 30.02.

MAY.

Tuesday, 1—Thermometer from 43 to 55.  
Barometer from 30.00 to 29.80.  
Wednesday, 2—Thermometer from 36 to 64.  
Barometer from 29.85 to 29.81.  
Rain fallen during the week .25 of an inch.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

To many Correspondents we beg to intimate, that even we are not so independent as they may imagine. It is true, we admit nothing into the *Literary Gazette*, which we are not prepared to justify on every good principle; but we are sometimes obliged to yield to our Printer's remonstrances; and when he shows us that one sheet of paper will not contain the matter of two, we have to yield so far as to postpone the insertion of approved articles.

The letter of "A Subscriber to the Brunswick Book-Club," contains hints which shall not be forgotten, though we have cogent reasons for not printing it. The only point that affects us, is his mentioning the purchase of a book for the library on our report, which has been thought dull and dear: our observations, merely, conveyed no opinion, as we in fact apologized for not having been able to give the work the attention necessary for criticism. We are bold to assert that, barring allowable differences in opinions, no one will ever be deceived by the *Literary Gazette*.

S. S. on his mechanical point, shall be attended to; on his polite point, redressed; on his mental point,—he is mistaken.

ERRATUM.—In our last No., page 260, col. 2, l. 5, for *discreet* read *discreant*.



### Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,** removed from Spring Gardens, 18 NOW OPEN, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission One Shilling. Catalogues dispensed.

**COPELEY FIELDING, Secretary.**  
*Exhibition of Engravings by Living British Artists.*  
Associated under the patronage of his Majesty.  
**THE above Exhibition is NOW OPEN,** at No. 9, Soho Square, from 10 o'clock till dusk. Admission 1s. Catalogues 1s.  
W. R. COOKE, Hon. Sec.

**MR. HAYDON'S Picture of "Christ's Agony in the Garden,"** is now Open, at the Gallery next door to the British Institution, Pall Mall; with his Pictures of Solomon, Macbeth, Dentatus, Romeo and Juliet, and Cupid Cruising; his Studies from Nature and the Elgin Marbles; and the Drawings of his Pupils from the Carbons. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. Open from ten till six.

**EXHIBITION OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO** in an ALLEGORY, Painted for the Direction of the British Institution by JAMES WARD, Esq. R.A. size 35 feet by 21 feet. 18 NOW OPEN, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s. Catalogues 6d. Descriptive ditto, with Etched Outline, 2s. 6d.

**The Incorporated Society for the Management and Distribution of the Literary Fund.**

**THE Thirty-second Anniversary of this Society,** the object of which is to relieve Authors, and the Families of deceased authors, in their Distress, will be held in the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Thursday next, the 10th inst.; when the company of those Noblemen and Gentlemen, who may be friendly to an Institution so immediately and obviously connected with the cause of Literature, is most particularly solicited, for the purpose of promoting, by their presence, the interests of a Society which is at once, in a peculiar degree, benevolent and patriotic.

Patron—His Majesty the KING.  
President—His Grace the Duke of SOMERSET.  
Vice-Presidents.  
Marquis of Hastings, K.G.  
Earl of Spencer, K.G.  
Earl of Chester  
Earl of Mountnorris  
Earl of Shaftesbury  
Viscount Dudley and Ward  
Lord Brandon  
Lord de Dugdale  
Lord Carrington  
Sir Wm. Clayton, Bart.

Stewards.  
James Moyes, Esq.  
John Murray, Esq.  
George Reed, Esq.  
John Rodwell, Esq.  
John Sanders, Esq. F.S.A.  
George Stanley, Esq.  
John Warren, Esq.  
George Sinclair, Esq. M.P.  
Dinner on Table at Six precisely. No Collection.  
Tickets, 12s. each, to be had of the Stewards; of the Clerk, at No. 4, Lincoln's Inn-fields; and at the Bar of the Tavern.  
The Annual Subscription is One Guinea and upwards.  
A Donation of Ten Guineas constitutes a Subscriber for Life.

**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND,** established in 1800. The Public are respectfully informed, that the TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY of the INSTITUTION FOR RELIEVING THE WIDOWS and ORPHANS of ARTISTS, will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, on Monday next, being the day the Royal Exhibition opens to the Public.

Sir THOMAS BARING, Bart., in the Chair.  
Stewards.  
Sir T. D. Acland, Bart. M. P.  
Francis Bernasconi, Esq.  
John Byrne, Esq.  
James Barengey, Esq.  
Thomas Wm. Carr, Esq.  
Samuel W. Darke, Esq.  
Valentine Davis, Esq.  
A. W. Davis, Esq.  
Charles Francis, Esq.  
William Thos. Fry, Esq.  
William Finden, Esq.  
Thomas Hope, Esq.

Tickets 12s. each, to be had of the Stewards, at the Tavern, or of the Secretary, 23, Mornington Place. Dinner on the Table at half-past five for six precisely. The Musical arrangements for the evening are under the direction of Mr. Broadbent.

The interests of this Fund are entrusted to the management of a Committee of 12 Members, annually elected, 8 being Amateurs and 4 Artists. The Society is open to every Artist of merit in the United Kingdom, and all who have not joined already, are hereby invited to be-

come members, in order that (by the payment of an annual trifle, for their own relief should they ever require it) their Widow or Orphans may become entitled, as matter of right, to an annuity from this benevolent Institution.

Committee of Management for 1821.  
Chairman—Sir JOHN EDWARD SWINBURNE, Bart.  
Robert Balmanno, Esq. George Smith, Esq. M.P.  
Francis Bernasconi, Esq. John Soane, Esq. R.A.  
Abraham Cooper, Esq. R.A. R.H. Solly, Esq. F.R.S.F.S.A.  
Samuel Wallwyn Darke, Esq. John Pyle, Esq.  
D. Moore, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. Charles Warren, Esq.  
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